# The Woman Out of Phase

Simple enough. Noon=Midnight.

She keeps her habit of phoning her late night friends, but they're working.

And, of course, no one will go to lunch with her.

Then, one even stranger day, she goes to bed at 11 AM, wakes an hour later.

The phone rings. It's Carl, back from a two-week sales trip to Oregon.

He wants to treat her to The Sunday Monster! A fancy breakfast brunch at the local Sheraton.

When she comes up for air enough to listen, he claims "Hey! I was BORN out of  phase!"